Chapter 469: The Veil of Humility

Sung Jin-Woo stood atop the divine sea that stretched across the Godverse, his silver-clad armor gleaming under the eternal glow of the Third World Tree. The vast expanse of existence pulsed with harmony, its balance restored after countless battles fought and won by the Divine Triad and their allies. Yet even amidst this grandeur, Sung Jin-Woo felt the need for a change.

The sheer majesty of his evolved form — eight powerful arms, whitish silver skin, a seven-horned golden crown, and sixty million magnificent wings — made him a beacon of divine authority wherever he went. But such an appearance also created unnecessary awe and distance between him and those who wished to speak to their Absolute One freely.

He sighed softly, sensing the overwhelming reverence radiating from countless beings across the multiverse. "It’s time to conceal some of this," he decided.

With a mere thought, Sung Jin-Woo commanded his form to shift. The sixty million wings, which had once spread across cosmic distances, shimmered before folding into invisibility. His six additional arms, symbols of divine dominance, receded into his body, concealed entirely from view.

Now, he appeared as he once did during his early ascension—two strong arms, no visible wings, a simpler yet commanding figure clad in silver armor. His golden eyes still shone with boundless wisdom and power, but his appearance was far more approachable.

"Why the change, Father?" came a familiar voice. It was Gabriel, descending gracefully from the skies with a soft smile.

Sung Jin-Woo turned toward the archangel. "Freedom," he said simply. "I don’t need wings to fly or extra arms to wield power. Their presence only hinders my movement and draws unnecessary attention. I can move faster without them showing."

Gabriel nodded thoughtfully. "You wish to walk among mortals again, don’t you?"

A faint smile tugged at Sung Jin-Woo's lips. "Perhaps. Sometimes, humility teaches lessons that power never could."

The archangel bowed respectfully. "As always, your wisdom surpasses all."

With his form simplified and his majesty veiled, Sung Jin-Woo felt lighter. His presence, though still divine, was no longer overwhelming. He could traverse the realms more freely, unburdened by the grandeur that once accompanied him.

Yet beneath this humble exterior, nothing had changed. The additional arms, concealed but ready, still waited for battle if ever required. The sixty million wings, hidden from sight, remained ready to spread across the cosmos if necessary. His power was eternal, but now it lay quietly beneath a surface of simplicity.

And so, Sung Jin-Woo, in his veiled form, prepared to walk once more among gods, dragons, and mortals alike—not as an unreachable deity, but as a protector who understood the beauty of humility.